Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſouldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
He'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moor
Iag. Not I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſsio* well, and would doe much,
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noy

Enter Caſsio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcall.

Mon. What's the matter Leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach me my duty: but Ile
wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray ſir hold yo

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knock you ore th

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *they figh*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out, and cry a muteny
Nay good Leiutenant: God's-will Gentlemer
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maſters, heer's a goodly watch indeed:
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will riſe, fie, fie, Leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with wea*

Oth. What's the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death.

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, G
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold,

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſe
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe th
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous bra
He that ſtirres next, to carue for his owne rag
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion: